Seven Severall Strange

PROPHESIES:

Full of vvonder and admiration.

Foretelling long since things
of late come to passe.

Some whereof are accomplished in this year of wonders. 1642

1. Mother *Shiptons* Propheſie.
2. *Ignatius* Propheſie.
3. *Sibyllaes* Propheſie.
4. *Merlins* Propheſie.
5. Mr. *Brightmans* Propheſie.
6. Mr. *Truſwels*, Recorder of Lincoln.

To which is added a Propheſie foretold in the dayes of K. *Richard* the third.

Printed at London for *Richard Harper*, and are to be ſold at the Bible and Harpe in Smithfield. 1642.

A Prediction of King RICHARD *the Third.*

IN the Reigne of King *Richard* the third, his Majeſty with his Army lay at Leyceſter the night before the battell at Boſworth field was fought. It hapned in the morning as the King rode through the South gate a poore old blind man (by profeſſion a Wheelwright) ſate begging; and hearing of his approach, ſaid, That if the Moone changed twice that day, haveing by her ordinary courſe changed in the morning, King *Richard* ſhould loſe his Crown and be ſlaine: and riding over the bridge his left foot ſtruck againſt a ſtump of wood: which the old man hearing ſaid, Even ſo ſhall his head at his returne backe hit on the ſame place, which ſo came to paſſe: And a nobleman that carried the Moone for his Colours revoulted from King *Richard*, whereby he loſt that day his life, Crowne and Kingdome: which verified the preſages of that poore old blind man.

The

The Propheſie of *Shiptons* wife in the time of King HENRIE the Eight.

THen ſhe heard ſay that King *Henry* ſhould be King of the South, and Cardinall *Wolſey* King of the North, and dwell at the Mannour at Yorke; ſhe ſaid, nay, Cardinall *Wolſey* ſhould never come to Yorke. Of this King *Henry* and the Cardinall hearing, they were angry, ſo the King ſent to ſee if ſhe would ſtand to her words. The Lord Duke, Lord *Piercy*, and Lord *Darcy* (who came with their men diſguiſed to Ring-houſes, a mile from Yorke, leaving their men there) went to Yorke late at night to Maſter *Beaſleys* houſe in Conny ſtreet, and deſired to ſpeak with the Maſter, who came, and they whiſpered in his eare to goe to *Shiptons* wife with them, and they went and knocked at the doore; and ſhe ſaid come in Maſter *Beaſley*, and theſe honourable Lords with you. And then Mr. *Beaſley* would have put the three Lords before, and ſhe ſaid, Come in Mr. *Beaſley* for you know the houſe, and they doe not. This is a ſtrange thing (ſaid they one to another) that ſhe knowes us, and never ſaw us before. And they came in (there being a good fire:) and Mr. *Beaſley* ſaid, by your leave mother *Shipton*; and ſhe ſaid, you are welcome Mr. *Beaſley*. Then the other three Lords ſaid the like. And ſhe called them all by their names, and bid them welcome, and bid them ſit downe, and bade her maid fetch ſome ale and cakes, and ſhe did ſo. And they all dranke and were very merry. Then ſaid the Lord Duke, if you knew what we came about, you would not make ſo much of us. And ſhe ſaid, the meſſenger muſt either be hanged or headed. Mother *Shipton* (ſaid the Lord Duke) Cardinall *Wolſey* ſaith, you ſaid hee ſhould never ſee Yorke. Yes I ſaid, he might ſee Yorke, but never come at it. The Duke ſaid, when Cardinall *Wolſey* comes to Yorke thou ſhalt bee burnt. We ſhall ſee that (ſaith ſhe) and ſhe had a kerchiefe on her head, which had a yard of cloth in it. And ſhe took it off her head, and her head was as white as wooll. And ſhe ſpread it on her knee, and threw it in the fire, and let it be there a great while: and when ſhe ſaw that it would not burne; ſhe tooke her ſtaffe and turned it in the fire, and it would not burne; then ſhe tooke it out of the fire, and ſhaked it, and put it on her head againe. Now (ſaid the Lord Duke) mother *Shipton*, what meane you by this? She ſaid, if this had burned I might have beene burned. Mother *Shipton* (ſaid the Duke) what muſt I doe? My Lord (ſaid ſhe) the time will come when you ſhall be in as low an office as I am in, and that is a low office indeed. Then ſaid the Lord *Piercy*, mother *Shipton* what muſt I doe? My Lord, ſaid ſhe, ſhooe your horſe in the quicke, and

you ſhall doe well, if not, your body ſhall be buried in Yorke pavement, and your head ſhall be ſtolne from the Barre, and carried into France. And they laughed and ſaid, that is a great hop indeed between the head and the body. Then ſaid the Lord *Darcy*, mother *Shipton*, what muſt I doe? you have made a great Gun (ſaid ſhe) ſhoot it off, for it will never doe you good; you are going for warfare, but you will pine many a man, but kill none. So they dranke and gave her money, and went to Mr. *Beaſties* houſe, and lay there all night. The next morning they went poſt to the King. Soone after the Cardinall came to Cawood, and ſtayed there three dayes and three nights: and the third day the Croſſe of the houſe top fell downe, and broke the Stewards head. The Cardinall hearing of it, ſaid, I feare a greater croſſe then this. In the afternoon the Cardinall went up to the top of the houſe, and many Knights with him. He asked, where ſtands Yorke? And they ſhewed him where it ſtood. How farre is it thither, ſaid he? And they anſwered ſeven miles. Saith he one ſaid, I ſhould never ſee Yorke. Nay my Lord, ſaid one of the Knights, ſhe ſaid you might ſee York but never come at it. Then he made a great vowe he would burne both her and the Prieſts, that boarded at her houſe, if they lacked their refreſhments. The Prieſts hearing of this, were ſore afraid. And ſhe bade them keep themſelves content, and they ſhould have twenty to morrow, if they would. Then at night the Cardinall ſupped, and after ſupper he charged that no man ſhould come in. And when the companie was gone that ſupped with him, the Lord *Piercy* came to the gate and knocked. The Porter asked who was there? ſaying, that no man might come in. The Lord *Piercy* thereupon changed his name for one of the kinsfolkes of the Cardinall, and ſo got in. And when he ſaw the Lord *Piercy*, he ſaid, Mercy Lord *Piercy*. No, traytor ſaid the Lord *Piercy*, thou ſhalt to London, and they ſet him upon a horſe, and rid for London with him. And *Shiptons* wife ſaid to Mr. *Beaſley*, yonder is a goodly ſtall made for the Cardinall in the Minſter, of gold, pearle, and pretious ſtones, goe and pull one of the pillars downe, and preſent it King *Henry*: and as ſhe bade him ſo he did. Now the third day, as the Cardinall was going towards London, he poyſoned himſelfe, and ſo he died. Mr. *Beaſley* came againe to mother *Shipton*, and ſaid, I pray you tell me ſome of your propheſies. Mr. *Beaſley*, ſaid ſhe,

Before Owze bridge, and Trinity Church meet,
They ſhall build in the day, and it ſhall fall downe in the night: Unleſſe they get the higheſt ſtone in Trinity Church to be the loweſt ſtone in Owze bridge.

The day will come when the North ſhall rue it ſore;
But the South ſhall rue it for evermore:
Then the Hares ſhall kindle on the cold Hearth ſtones,
And Lads ſhall marry Ladies and carrie them to their homes.

Then ill ſhall be in the North, one woman ſhall ſay to another; I ſaw a man

to

to day, for there ſhall be a thouſand women for one man. Then ſhall you have a yeare of pining hunger.

A dearth without any need, And a death without dread.

A joyfull day ſhall be ſeene in England of a King and a Queene.

The firſt coming of the King of Scots, hee ſhall come in at Bootham Barre unknowne. The next time he ſhall go through Holgate town, and not through Holgate lane. And when the King of the North ſhall at be at London bridge, his taile ſhall be at Edenbrough. After this ſhall water come over Owze bridge: and when there is a Lord Major in Yorke Minſter yard, let him take heed of a ſtab.

And when two Knights fall out in the Caſtle yard, they ſhall never love kindly, whilſt they live againe. When all Colton hag hath borne 7 yeares crops of Corne, then 7 yeares after, you ſhall hear newes.

When warfare begins at the Spring,
Much care to England ſhall it bring.
Then ſhall the Ladies cry Welladay,
That ever we liv'd to ſee this day.
Then well is them that have the leaſt.
And woe is them that have the moſt.

You ſhall not knowe of this warfare at night, but you ſhall have it in the morning. But when it comes it ſhall laſt three yeares, ere it give over.

Betwixt Cadron and Ayre, Shall be long warfare.
When all the world is aloft, It ſhall be called Chriſts croft.

When the firſt battell of this warfare begins, it ſhall be where crooked *Richard* made his fray. They will ſay to warfare for your King, and you ſhall have half a crowne a day, but ſtir not: Then they will ſay to warfare for your King, upon paine of hanging, but ſtir not.

For he that goes to complaine, Shall never come againe.

At that day, England ſhall tremble and quake for feare of a dead man that ſhall be heard to ſpeake. Then will the Dragon give the Bull a great ſnap. After this when the firſt is downe, they will goe to London. Then woe is mee for London, for London ſhall be deſtroyed for ever after. Then there will be a great battell betweene England and Scotland, and they will bee pacified for a while. Then they will come to Brammamoore and fight, and then they will be pacified for a while. Then there will be a great battell at Knaveſmire neare Yorke, and then they will be pacified for a while. Then there will bee a great battell betweene England and Scotland at Stockton moore. Then will the Ravens ſit on the Croſſe, and drinke as much blood of the Nobles as of the Commons. Then there will come a woman with one eye, and ſhee ſhall tread in many a mans blood to the knee, untill ſhe come to a man who ſhall be leaning on a ſtaffe, and ſhe will ſay, who art thou? And he will ſay, I am the King of the Scots. And ſhe will ſay, goe with me to my home. And he will

goe with her; and they will ſtay with her three dayes. Soone after will England be loſt; and twice in one day will they cry, *England is loſt.* There will be three Knights in *Peter-gate*, one of them will not know of another. And there ſhall be a childe borne in *Pomfret* with three thumbes; and thoſe three Knights will give him three horſes to hold whileſt they win *England* againe: And all the Noble blood will be gone but one, and they will carry him to Sheriffe *Huttons* Caſtle, and he will dye there. Then they wil chuſe three Earles in the field: And then

They will hang their horſe on a thorne,
And rue the time that ever they were borne,
to ſee ſo much bloud ſhed.

Then they will come to Yorke and beſiege it; and Yorke ſhall keepe them out three dayes and three nights: and a pennie loafe within the Barre ſhall bee half a crowne, and without the Barre a penny. And then they will ſweare that if they will not let them in, they will blow up the walls. Then they will let them in, and they wil hang up the Major, Sheriffes, and Aldermen. And there will be three Knights goe into Crowch Church, and there ſhall but one of them come forth, and he ſhall cauſe Proclamation to be made, that any man may take houſe, tower or bower, for 21 yeares, for while the world endures there ſhal never be warre againe. Neither ſhall there be a King or Queene any more: but this Kingdome ſhall be governed by three Lords: and then York ſhall be London. And after this ſhall be a white harveſt, corne ſhall bee gotten in all by women. After this a ſhip ſhall come in the Thames, till it come over againſt London, and the Maſter ſhal weepe to thinke what a goodly City that was, none in the world comparable to it, and now he ſhall wiſh there may bee any houſe that will but let them have drinke for their money.

Lincolne was, London is, and Yorke ſhall be
The choice, and chiefeſt City of the three.

Ignatius *Propheſie.*

IF eighty eight be paſt, then thrive
Thou mayeſt, till thirty foure, or five.
After the *E* is dead, a *S*cot
Shall govern there: and if a plot
Prevent him not, then ſure his ſway
Continue ſhall till many a day.
The ninth ſhall die young, and the firſt
Perhaps ſhall reigne: but (oh) accurſt
Shall be the time, when thou ſhalt ſee
To ſixteene joyned twenty three;
For then the Eagle ſhall have helpe,
By craft to catch the Lions whelpe,

And

And hurt him ſore, except the ſame
Be cured by the Maidens name.
In July month of the ſame yeare,
Saturn conjoines with *Iupiter*.
Perhaps falſe Prophets ſhall ariſe,
And *Mahomet* ſhall ſhew his prize.
And ſure much alteration
Shall happen in Religion,
Believe this truly, if then you ſee
A Spaniard a Proteſtant to be.

The Propheſie of old Sibylla.

WHen Scotlands hundreth and ninth unconquer'd King,
The ſixteen hundred thirty and ninth yeare,
Into his age of thirty nine ſhall reigne,
Then ſhall the Papall overthrow appeare,
Which all the Arts of Europe ſhall admire:
For Scotland ſhall that bleſſed worke begin:
Then ſhall the Whore of Babell we had here,
Be baniſht quite, which Biſhops did bring in.
Then thou brave England which was led ſo blind
By their perverſe Epiſcopapall pride,
And Irelands ſhameleſſe ſuperſtitious ſinne
Shall be ſuppreſt, who cruelly have cry'd;
So, that, that ſacred Propheteſſe *Sibylla*,
Shall ſhortly come to paſſe, ſhe tells *Tom Milla*,
And *Tom* tells me, and I muſt tell't againe,
Through Scotland, England, Ireland, France and Spaine.

Merlins *Propheſie*.

ON *Boreas* wings then hither ſhall be borne,
Through *Weeke* o're *Tweed*, A Princely Unicorne,
Who brought into the world his own fair Creſt,
A rampant Lion figur'd on his breſt.
And to his arms ſix Lions more ſhall quarter,
With ſix French flowers environ'd with the Garter,
Joyning by Fates unchangeable diſpoſe,
The Northern Thiſtle to the Southerne Roſe.
He ſhall the true Apoſtolicke Faith maintaine,
With pious zeale during his bleſſed reigne.

Maſſey

Brightmans *Prophesie.*

WHen Englands Church growes Englands ſhame,
Full of lukewarmneſſe, glory vaine,
The worſt in works and outward forme,
And with contrary factions torne:
When Romiſh Rites by Reformation,
Shall be expell'd out of this Nation.
Lord beggar Biſhops then ſhall come
To ruine and be overthrown.
The Prieſts ſhall be vile to each wight,
Their downfall read with much delight:
For God will not them guiltleſſe hold,
That neither have been hot nor cold.
The Scotch Church ſhall be in condition
A Virgin free from Superſtition,
They ſhall be joyn'd in covenant,
'Gainſt which the world ſhall boaſt and vaunt:
But Englands Church muſt feele the ſtorm,
Untill ſhe truly her ſelf reforme:
Such hurly burly, and ſuch ſtir,
No form of Church ſhall remaine in her:
But Reformation muſt take breath
From the reigne of Queene *Eliſabeth.*

Mr. *Truſwels*, Recorder of Lincolne.

THe Lilly ſhall remaine in a merry world, and he ſhall be moved againſt the ſeed of the Lyon, and he ſhall ſtand on one ſide amongſt thornes of his kingdome and countrey: and there ſhall come the Son of man bearing three wild beaſts in his Arms, which Kingdome is the Land of the Moone, which is to bee dread throughout all the world with a company of people he ſhall paſſe many waters, and hee ſhall come to the Land of the Lyon looking for helpe with the beaſts of his owne Countrey: And in that yeare there ſhall come an Eagle out of the Eaſt and his wings ſpread with the beames of the ſon of man: and that yeare ſhall bee deſtroyed Caſtles upon Thames, and there ſhall be great feare over the whole world; and in a part of the Land there ſhall be great battels amongſt many kingdomes: That day ſhall be the bloody field and the Lilly ſhall loſe his Crowne, and therewith ſhall be crowned the Son of man. And in the fourth yeare, many battels ſhall bee for the faith, and moſt of the world ſhall be ſtooped, but the Son of man with the Eagle ſhall be preferred, and there ſhall be univerſall peace over the whole world: then ſhall the Son of man receive a marvellous token, and there ſhall be great plenty of all manner of fruits, and then ſhall he goe to the land of the Croſſe.

This is licenſed and entred. *Hen. Walley.*

FINIS.